

AUNT GRUMBLES SERIES

CARRY and the CANDLE



"Bring the candlestick to me,"
Said the mother, earnestly ;
"But when I am gone away,
Do not with the candle play."

Mc LOUGHLIN BROS. N.Y.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES



Till Mamma had left the house,
CARRY sat still as a mouse;
But she then began to say,
“Why not with the candle play?”
On the table stood the light,
Ever burning fresh and bright;
Shining out so pleasantly,
CARRY could not let it be.
First with pins around the wick,
CAROLINE began to pick;



Snapping water many ways,
Till it sputtered in a blaze.
Till she heard the Snuffers say,
“Naughty girl, Mamma obey,
Else you soon on fire will be,
Then I’ll bite you fearfully.”
Thus the warning Snuffers spoke,
CARRY thought it all a joke;
Till the candle flashing higher,
Set her hair and clothes on fire.



Loud she screamed with anguish wild,
Mother ran to save her child;
And as CARRY gave a shout,
With the Snuffers, *snuffed her out.*
Mind, ye children, what I say,
With the candle never play;
Soon you'll have of this enough,
And at last be choked in snuff.

ROCKING PHILIP



“LET me see if Philip can
Be a little gentleman ;
Let me see if he is able
To sit for once, still at the table.”
Thus spoke, in earnest tone,
The father to his son ;
And the mother looked very grave
To see Philip misbehave.
But Philip he did not mind
His father, who was so kind.



He wriggled, and giggled,
And then, I declare,
Swung backward and forward
And tilted his chair,
Just like any rocking horse;—
“Philip! I am getting cross!”
See the naughty, restless child,
Growing still more rude and wild,
Till his chair falls over quite,
Philip screams with all his might.



Catches at the cloth, but then
That makes matters worse again.
Down upon the ground they fall,
Glasses, bread, knives, forks and all.
How Mamma did fret and frown,
When she saw them tumbling down!
And Papa made such a face!
Philip is in sad disgrace.
Where is Philip? Where is he?
Fairly cover'd up, you see!



Cloth and all are lying on him;
He has pull'd down all upon him.
What a terrible to-do!
Dishes, glasses, snapt in two!
Here a knife, and there a fork!
Philip, this is naughty work.
Table all so bare, and ah!
Poor Papa, and poor Mamma
Look quite cross, and wonder how
They shall make their dinner now.